

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

DENISON'S SPECIALTIES

Re-Taming of
the Shrew

Price, 25 Cents

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Country Justice, 15 min.(25c)	8
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RE-TAMING OF THE SHREW

A SHAKESPEAREAN TRAVESTY
IN ONE ACT

BY

JOHN W. POSTGATE

AUTHOR OF

"Falstaff in Rebellion," "Bottom's Nightmare," Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

RE-TAMING OF THE SHREW

CHARACTERS.

1925
PP 712

PETRUCHIO.....	<i>A Mad-cap Ruffian Tamed by Marriage</i>
ANGELO	<i>Stern Magistrate Softened by Matrimony</i>
DUKE OF ILLYRIA	<i>Sentimental Lover Turned Meek Husband</i>
OTHELLO...	<i>Fierce Black General Under Sway of his Wife</i>
MACBETH...	<i>Scottish Chieftain Fond of "the Barley Bree"</i>
GRUMIO.....	<i>Reformed Servant of Petruchio</i>
KATHERINE.....	<i>Leader in Woman's Rights Movement</i>
MARIANA	<i>Formerly Despondent Lady of the Moated Grange</i>
VIOLA.....	<i>Patience on a Monument Prior to her Marriage</i>
DESDEMONA	<i>Becomes Suffragist after Eloping with the Moor</i>
LADY MACBETH	<i>Strong-minded, Caustic Wife of Witch-ridden Macbeth</i>

TIME OF PLAYING—About Forty-five Minutes.

NOTE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional stage rights are reserved by the Author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers.

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STORY OF THE PLAY.

After her woeful honeymoon, Katherine becomes an ardent suffragist and imposes household duties on Petruchio, who submits tamely to petticoat government. At a meeting of the women, man's doom as a political or domestic power is announced, but Katherine, Mariana, Viola, Desdemona and Lady Macbeth hark back to the past and twit one another on exciting episodes in their respective careers. They are on the verge of a quarrel several times, but kiss and make up and begin all over again.

This sisterhood of sweet, sympathetic souls determines to be true and loyal to the suffrage cause and compel the submission of their husbands. Before they leave for the club-house Katherine gives Petruchio permission to invite a few friends for a quiet evening. She instructs Grumio to serve nothing but barley water and to see that his master goes to bed at ten o'clock. Before his guests arrive, Petruchio tries in vain to have something stronger substituted for this insipid beverage. Macbeth, who is the first to appear, is delighted with the prospect of a gaudy night. He imagines that the bowl is filled with barley bree, his favorite tipple. As the others come in there is hearty greeting all round which, however, turns to dismay when the cups are charged and tasted. Grumio is sent out for stronger ingredients, and returns with turpentine, furniture polish, cider, grape juice, pepper pods, etc., which are emptied into the bowl.

This mixture gives great satisfaction. It has both fire and grip, and the erstwhile meek husbands soon become groggy, musical and courageous. While they are roaring "Auld Lang Syne," the ladies return from the club. Katherine is indignant at the scene presented, but she is met with bold and cutting remarks that presage male insurrection. Indeed, the strange liquor has done its work too well. Each and every one of the men, formerly so docile and obedient, defy their wives. Two hostile camps are at once formed. The women find it politic to abandon part of the ground already won in this battle for freedom. The men

insist upon a restoration of their ancient rights and privileges. It is not until an appeal to the divorce court is threatened that the women acknowledge defeat. Then there is a season of reconciliation and the married couples depart apparently content and happy.

Katherine hands her big baby, Petruchio, the nursing bottle filled with "soothing syrup," Petruchio soothes her with a loving kiss, and the curtain falls on this timely travesty, which is replete with Shakesperean humor adapted to modern situations.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

This travesty draws material from five plays of Shakespeare—"Taming of the Shrew," "Measure for Measure," "Twelfth Night," "Othello" and "Macbeth." Where the services of a theatrical costumer are available, the characters may be dressed in accordance with the demands of the regular stage. A good effect may be gained, however, by modernizing the costumes. The following suggestions are offered for an effective color scheme:

PETRUCHIO—Old shooting jacket, knickerbockers and top-boots; military mustache and imperial; low-necked collar with flowing tie.

ANGELO—Black clothes and silk stockings; smooth shaven face, eyeglasses and judicial wig.

DUKE OF ILLYRIA—Old-time troubadour attire, long-haired wig and short cloak; Van Dyke beard.

OTHELLO—Military costume, with cloak; black face.

MACBETH—Highland costume, including kilt and tartan.

GRUMIO—Rough doublet with belt at waist; trunks and coarse hose; smooth face.

DESDEMONA—Long, loose cream-colored gown with flowing sleeves; a small, round cap of gold or embroidery and violet scarf draped loosely round the waist and knotted in front.

KATHERINE—Green over-dress with pointed bodice; skirt and waist open in front to show an under-dress of gold color; small pointed cap of gold color and large white ruff.

MARIANA—Deep violet gown with train; band round the hair, which is either hanging loose or in two braids.

LADY MACBETH—Full Highland costume.

VIOLA—Long semi-fitting crimson gown with full length sleeves; puffings to show at elbow; gold cord and tassels brought twice around the waist and knotted at side.

STAGE SETTING AND PROPERTIES.

Room with antique chairs and tables; one table near center; mirrors and suffrage mottoes on walls; door at either side. Punch bowl, glasses, church warden or corncob pipes, tobacco jars, turpentine, grape juice, cider, sauce bottles and pepper pods, punch ladle, etc. Note for Grumio. Telephone attachment outside.

The Scotch songs used are familiar to everybody. "There's a Club House in the Town," sang by the Duke, is the old "There is a Tavern in the Town," which can be found in "College Songs," published by Oliver Ditson Co., which we will send postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

RE-TAMING OF THE SHREW

SCENE: *Room in PETRUCHIO's house; banners on walls with mottoes, "Votes for Women," "Down with Rum," "Men are Tyrants All," "Matrimony is Slavery," "Our Battle Cry is Freedom." Doors R. and L. Antique chairs and tables; one table near C.*

KATHERINE and MARIANA enter R. and L., salute each other with kisses and sit down.

KATHERINE. The knell has sounded. Mere man is doomed.

MARIANA. And yet, Kate, I do not altogether blame the men. They are as God made them.

KATHERINE. Not so, Mariana. Shake off the influence of the moated grange. They are what our stupid submission made them—selfish, narrow-minded brutes, wine bibbers and brawlers, villains and hypocrites, sordid knaves and boasting bullies.

MARIANA. I can scarcely agree with you in that, sister. Some of them have good points, and a man means so much to most of us.

KATHERINE (*sarcastically*). I cry you mercy, Mariana. I had forgotten.

MARIANA. Forgotten what, darling?

KATHERINE. How thou fretted and pined and pleaded for Angelo, grabbed him with gratitude with all the horrid imperfections on his head.

MARIANA (*warmly*). And what of Petruchio, Kate, dear? He wooed thee like a madcap ruffian and swearing jack, and yet thou kissed his feet.

KATHERINE. Do not let us wrangle, Mariana. That was before I joined the suffragists. You ought to see him now.

Enter DESDEMONA, R. They embrace and kiss and sit down.

DESDEMONA. You look flustered, Kate. Methought you were quarreling as I came in.

KATHERINE. Why, the idea! We quarrel?

MARIANA. How absurd!

DESDEMONA. Stranger things have happened in the woman's world. You certainly were speaking in pitched tones.

KATHERINE. Don't be sarcastic, dear. Pitched tones, indeed! One would think Othello was still on thy mind.

MARIANA. Yes, that thou wert still pillow'd on his sooty bosom.

DESDEMONA (*protesting*). That is uncalled for, Mariana. "Pillowed" strikes me as unnecessarily harsh.

KATHERINE (*ironically*). I should imagine it did. You were smothered for a time, weren't you, dear?

DESDEMONA *bounces angrily from her chair. Before she can make reply, LADY MACBETH enters L. and there is kissing all round.*

LADY MACBETH. I fancied ravens were croaking as I entered.

KATHERINE. Your imagination is too strong, dear. You should curtail it in time. First thing you know, you'll be walking in your sleep.

MARIANA. There was a frightful croak under your battlements once, I believe.

LADY MACBETH. Yes; I thank God I am a strong-minded woman.

DESDEMONA. With a passion for perfumery.

LADY MACBETH. I just love it, Desdemona.

DESDEMONA. You must, or you wouldn't try to wash your little hands in it.

LADY MACBETH. Well, of all the impudence!

DESDEMONA. No offense, your ladyship; none in the world. I was thinking of that damned spot that wouldn't wash out.

LADY MACBETH. It is very sweet of you, indeed, gentle Desdemona. But your optics and reflectives went astray when you eloped with that blackamoor.

KATHERINE (*shocked*). Lady Macbeth!

MARIANA. How rude and shocking!

LADY MACBETH (*angrily*). You spiteful wretches! It ill becomes any one of you to rake up a noble lady's past. But what can you expect of—

This speech is interrupted by the entrance of VIOLA, R. More kissing.

VIOLA. Why this confusion, sisters? Your damask cheeks seem to be unduly incardinated.

KATHERINE. Your discernment is at fault this time, Viola. We were not confused. We were just having a pleasant preliminary chat.

VIOLA. And how is Petruchio, Katherine? I haven't seen the dear man since he sealed his title to you with a resounding kiss.

KATHERINE. Petruchio is as well as can be expected, dear. He is sitting, like Patience, rocking the cradle and smiling at grief.

MARIANA. That remark is not strictly original, Kate. I've heard something like it before.

LADY MACBETH (*in warning tones*). Pray stop there, Mariana.

KATHERINE. Yes, go no farther on that line. It is not meet that we, the sisterhood of sweet and sympathetic souls, should exchange personalities, however refreshing and delightful they may be. We are engaged in a noble cause. We should set the men an inspiring example in all things. Complete enfranchisement is within our reach. Let us rise to the occasion for the benefit and advancement of mankind.

VIOLA. That's the ticket. Enthuse us some more, Kate.

KATHERINE. We must prove ourselves faithful to the common cause. We must not waste ammunition on ourselves. We are going to look big, and stamp, and swear, and stare, and fret, just like the men used to do in the dismal days of the dreary past. We are going to show them that we are no longer their goods and chattels. We'll eat what we like, drink what we like, when we like and where we like. No longer shall they superintend the making of our beds, or fling the pillows, bolsters and coverlets around

with angry snorts. They shall not deter us with threatening, unkind brows and scornful scowls. We shall show them that we are as free as the unchartered air; that the olive branch has vanished in the smoke of our righteous war; that henceforth, now and forever we shall retain the reins of state and domestic government in our firm and unrelaxing hands, and compel their unswerving obedience to all our imperious commands.

ALL. Amen!

Enter GRUMIO, L. Curtseys to them all.

GRUMIO. Master says will you please mitigate your voices. He's afraid you'll wake the baby.

KATHERINE. Go bid your master mind his own business. Let him rock the cradle diligently if the child is restless.

GRUMIO. Yes, ma'am. (*Curtseys and exits, L.*)

VIOLA. You have him broken very nicely, Kate.

KATHERINE. Yes, his stomach is now completely vailed.

LADY MACBETH. How did you work the miracle?

KATHERINE. Oh, it was simple enough. When he blustered, I nagged him quiet. I hindered his sleep with sighs and moans, sauced his meat with upbraiding, spoiled his sports by brawling. As soon as his digestion was ruined, he begged for mercy on his marrow bones.

ALL. Wonderful!

LADY MACBETH. There's nothing like a good tongue lashing to bring them to time.

DESDEMONA (*putting handkerchief to her eyes*). Oh, I wish I had known it sooner. What anguish I might have checked.

VIOLA. How grateful I am that the Duke is a Southern gentleman.

MARIANA. Neither climate nor color counts in these matters, dear. There are ferocious husbands in the North as well as the South.

KATHERINE. My experience is that they are all fanged like serpents.

LADY MACBETH. Yes, and their venomous clamors poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

MARIANA (*slyly*). You found daggers very useful, didn't you, dear?

LADY MACBETH. Daggers, strong words and drugged drinks were my favorite recipes.

KATHERINE. And is Macbeth still a prosperous gentleman?

LADY MACBETH. Not so as you would notice. It was all I could do to keep his courage at the sticking place. Banquo's ghost nearly scared the life out of him.

DESDEMONA. Well, Othello, rough as he was, always had his pluck about him.

LADY MACBETH. Yes, he showed it by deft manipulation of the feather pillow.

DESDEMONA (*hotly*). You are perfectly horrid. Your braw Scotch laddie had to have a bracer for the murder of Duncan.

KATHERINE. Ladies, ladies! It ill beseems us to quarrel. Look at the mottoes on the walls. (*They turn and read and wave handkerchiefs.*)

DESDEMONA. We never thought of quarreling, Kate. We were just comparing notes.

MARIANA. Comparisons are odorous, dear. The best of men are moulded out of faults, and I know one who became much the better for being a little bad.

LADY MACBETH. She means that puritanical hypocrite, Angelo.

MARIANA (*warmly*). Truth is sometimes spoken in spite. With all his faults, my husband never traded with witches on a blasted heath at midnight, mid thunder, lightning and rain.

KATHERINE. Come, come, ladies! Do not let us brawl about our husbands. They are all bad enough, the Lord knows, and our dearest purpose now is to redeem and reform them. I move we lay them on the table.

ALL. Carried unanimously!

Enter GRUMIO, L., and presents note to KATHERINE.

KATHERINE. Listen to this, girls. (*Reads note*): "Baby is sleeping finely, Katherine. While you are at the club this

evening, will you please allow me to have a friend or two in, so that I may not be lonesome during your absence. Your humble spouse, Petruchio."

MARIANA. What a darling of a man!

LADY MACBETH. Vouchsafe him permission, Kate. Solitude sometimes gets on the nerves. I know what I suffered when sitting up for Macbeth.

KATHERINE. Tell thy master, Grumio, that his request is granted, but that his company must be dismissed by ten o'clock. Should I still be out at that time, see him safely tucked in bed.

GRUMIO. Who? The baby?

KATHERINE. No, stupid; thy master.

GRUMIO. Yes, ma'am. (*Exit L.*)

KATHERINE. Let us now repair to the club. A little bridge or tango will do us all good. (*The ladies primp up at mirrors and then go out R. chattering.*)

Enter GRUMIO, L., and two or three servants.

GRUMIO. Now that the cats are away, the mice may play. Get the place ready for a rip-roaring time. The old boys are somewhat weary of this woman-bossed world. They'd fain have a taste of the old life.

Servants arrange chairs at table, bringing in punch bowl, pipes, tobacco jars, glasses, etc., and retire L. PETRUCHIO enters L. with apron on and nursing bottle strung round his neck. Takes off apron, throws it aside with a frown, puts nursing bottle on table and sniffs at bowl.

PETRUCHIO. Is this the best of our cheer?

GRUMIO. 'Tis furnished as Mistress Katherine commanded, sir—good, honest barley water, that ne'er left man i' the mire.

PETRUCHIO. You flap-headed knave, we cannot be merry on barley-water. Throw it out and fill the bowl with sack.

GRUMIO. Forsooth, I dare not for my life.

PETRUCHIO. Dare not? Who's boss here?

GRUMIO. My mistress, sir.

PETRUCHIO. Jumping Jeosophat, have I no rights left? Hast lost thy wit entirely? We must have wholesome liquor.

GRUMIO. Mistress Katherine says barley-water or nothing. 'Tis a palatable, nourishing beverage, sir. But what say you to small ale?

PETRUCHIO. Small ale! Ye gods, am I Christopher Sly, the tinker? And yet 'tis better than this cold, cheerless stuff.

GRUMIO. A dish of ale is fit for a king, sir.

PETRUCHIO. And so it may be when occasion serves. Well, bring it in, good Grumio.

GRUMIO (*mockingly*). Ah! It's good Grumio now! Erstwhile I was knave and rascal and caressed with thy boot-jack. And now you speak soft and beg for small ale.

PETRUCHIO (*sternly*). Do not provoke a down-trodden man, sirrah. The power of assertion may rise again and crush thee with its might. Do as I bid thee, or, by Jupiter, I'll break thy wooden noddle.

GRUMIO. Mitigate your voice, sir. The club is only on the next block.

PETRUCHIO (*trembling*). Dost think she could hear me, Grumio? I had forgotten the club house is so near. But the small ale, man; the small ale, an thou be a Christian.

GRUMIO. I fear it is too choleric, sir. What say you to a bottle of Worcestershire sauce?

PETRUCHIO. Excellent, i' faith; there's some grip to sauce.

GRUMIO. Maybe it is too hot. There is a bottle of bluing in the laundry, sir.

PETRUCHIO. Bluing? Heavens! I am blue enough as it is; but anything to give tone to our spirits.

GRUMIO. Well, I don't know. Perhaps you had better have the bottle without the bluing.

PETRUCHIO. Thou false, deluding knave. (*Rushing toward him.*) Get thee gone ere I break thy numbskull. (*GRUMIO rushes out in alarm, L.*)

Enter MACBETH, singing:

MACBETH. Gie me the greatest joy the tongue o' man can name,

A bonnie, bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

PETRUCHIO. Hail, thane of Cawdor! King that is to be!

MACBETH. Hoot mon! The thane of Cawdor is no deid yet, and to be king stands not within the prospect of belief. Ye've eaten of the insane root, Pete, my lad. Your heid is out o' kilter.

PETRUCHIO. Well, present fears are less than horrible imaginings, Mac. You're safe enough now; the witches have fled.

MACBETH. Then shall we hae anither gaudy nicht, ech, mon?

PETRUCHIO. We shall, indeed, if barley-water can assure it.

MACBETH. What? Hast barley bree? Guid Scotch drink is nectar for any sensible stomach. (*Warbles.*) "And aye we'll taste the barley bree."

Enter ANGELO, L.

PETRUCHIO. Mortality and mercy live in thy tongue and heart, dear old chap.

MACBETH. Thy company transports me beyond this ignorant present, and I feel now the future in the instant.

ANGELO. Thanks, noble comrades. I have with a leavened and prepared choice proceeded to you.

Enter the DUKE, L.

PETRUCHIO. Welcome, your grace. Methinks thou purgest the air of pestilence.

MACBETH. Come, let me clutch thee. (*Takes the DUKE's hand.*) Ah! thou art sensible to feeling as to sight, a blessing to sair een!

ANGELO. Now may we play such tricks before high heaven as will make the suffragists weep.

THE DUKE. Oh, spirit of brotherly love! When suffragists' shafts have killed the flock of all affections else, thy sweet perfections will make a paradise below.

Enter OTHELLO, L.

PETRUCHIO. Oh, my fair warrior! It gives me wonder great as my content to have thou join our festivities.

ANGELO. My soul's joy! If after every tempest come such guests, may the winds blow till they have wakened

death. My hungry heart greets thee without cloymont or revolt.

THE DUKE. If it were now to die, noble Othello, 'twere now to be most happy; for I fear my soul hath her content so absolute that not another comfort like to this succeeds in unknown fate.

MACBETH. Blow wind, come wrack! Now we'll keep the harness on our back.

OTHELLO. Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors, my very noble and approved companions, I greet ye all with constant breath. But what sense I here? (*Looking at bowl.*) That bowl is inviting.

PETRUCHIO. Come, sit ye down. Ye shall not budge till that the conquering wine steeps your souls in soft and delicate lethe. (*All take places at table. PETRUCHIO ladles out the drink. They clink glasses and toss off the contents. Then they sputter and make wry faces and gaze at PETRUCHIO reproachfully.*)

MACBETH. Barley without the bree!

THE DUKE. Adam's toddy, as I'm a Dago!

OTHELLO. A disgusting fraud on honest thirst.

ANGELO. An insult to sacred friendship.

PETRUCHIO. I pray ye, do not mock me, fellow sufferers; 'tis all I'm permitted to offer.

MACBETH. The guards of Duncan's chamber were primed with stiffer stuff.

ANGELO. It makes a vice of merriment.

THE DUKE. A mockery of kitchen slops.

OTHELLO. Too soulless for the trade of war.

MACBETH. For the love of auld Scotia, send for a stoop of usquebagh.

PETRUCHIO. Bear with me yet awhile; I'll see what can be done. Grumio!

Enter GRUMIO, L., grinning.

GRUMIO. Here, sir.

PETRUCHIO. My guests like not this vile decoction, sirrah. Go thou and thy fellows and scour the ward for sturdy liquor. Get us something with fire and comfort in it.

GRUMIO. Mistress said I was not to leave the house while the carousal was on.

PETRUCHIO. Carousal! Was ever word so abused? Zounds, rascal, I'll swinge thee soundly an thou do not instantly obey me.

GRUMIO. 'Tis as much as my life is worth, and I have not prayed tonight. (*PETRUCHIO makes threatening gesture.*) But I'll venture all for this gallant company.

PETRUCHIO. And see here, sirrah. Take this bauble (*handing him nursing bottle*) and have it filled with soothing syrup; thou knowest the brand.

GRUMIO. 'Twill bring disaster, master. She can scent the fumes in a corncob. (*Exit L.*)

ALL. Poor Petruchio!

PETRUCHIO. And now, friends, we'll drink some tobacco while the knaves are about it. (*They charge and light pipes, but lay them down with scorn after a few puffs.*)

MACBETH. Shades of auld Reekie; 'tis cabbage leaf!

THE DUKE. Holy smoke, how it bites!

ANGELO. Mouldy hay were sweeter, methinks.

OTHELLO. Ratsbane, if I'm any judge.

PETRUCHIO. Wrong, all of you. 'Tis tea leaves sprinkled with nutmeg!

ALL. Poor Petruchio!

MACBETH. Bear up, brave hearts. I've the real stingo in my pouch. (*Reaches into his philibeg and brings out package.*) Fill full and smoke to the general health of the whole table. (*They charge pipes with MACBETH's tobacco, light up and puff away in content.*)

Enter GRUMIO and other servants with packages.

GRUMIO (*in alarm*). As I live, they are smoking tobacco! Master, master! What will Mistress Katherine say? It will cling to the hangings for a week.

OTHELLO. May I answer, Petruchio?

PETRUCHIO. Go as far as you like, Otto. I'm too furious to speak!

OTHELLO. Mistress Katherine be hanged!

ALL. So say all of us!

GRUMIO. But Desdemona is with her, General; and Mariana and Viola and Lady Macbeth.

ALL (*in dismay*). Oh!

PETRUCHIO. Courage, lads. New blood is springing in my veins. They won't be home till morning.

ALL (*sing*). "Till daylight does appear!" Hurrah!

PETRUCHIO. How fared thou with the tradesmen, Grumio?

GRUMIO. Very scurvily, sir. The groceryman said Mistress Katherine had warned him against supplying us with liquor except by her written order, and he is afraid of punishment under the dram shop act should he disobey. The apothecary—a lean and hungry cadaver, your honor—insisted upon a doctor's description; the furniture man had nothing on hand but turpentine, and all we could get from the vegetable man was root beer. We have here, therefore, a pint of turpentine, a bottle of ginger ale, a quart of sweet cider, a bottle of denatured alcohol, some pepper pods, and a quart of grape juice: the same kind that Mr. Bryan uses, sir.

ALL. Oh, balm of Gilead!

PETRUCHIO. Well, anything is better than sheer barley-water. Drop them all into the bowl. (*Servants pour in contents of bottles and GRUMIO stirs briskly.*)

GRUMIO. I got this (*handing PETRUCHIO nursing bottle filled with dark liquid*) after much vehement protest. The clerk said it was not altogether to be commended for babies, but I calmed his fears with the solemn assurance that it was for a big one.

ALL. Ha, ha! (*PETRUCHIO smells at nursing bottle. A smile overspreads his face and he puts it hastily into his pocket.*)

PETRUCHIO. I am afraid of that stuff. It's rank poison.

GRUMIO. That's what mistress says, sir.

PETRUCHIO. Silence, sirrah! (*Telephone bell rings. GRUMIO goes out and returns as PETRUCHIO is ladling out the new mixture.*)

GRUMIO. Mistress says to be sure and give baby his bottle if he wakes up.

PETRUCHIO. I'll be hanged if I will!

ALL. There's manly courage for you!

GRUMIO. Shall I tell her what you say, sir?

PETRUCHIO. Not on your life, sirrah. Tell her I will be very careful that tootsey-wootsey sleeps well and that I hope she is enjoying herself.

ALL. Ha, ha! (*Exit GRUMIO, L.*)

MACBETH (*after drinking*). It's no so bad.

OTHELLO. Not as searching as canary; but 'twill serve.

ANGELO. I've tasted worse, but not much.

THE DUKE. Scarcely up to the Illyrian standard, but nevertheless strong and biting.

PETRUCHIO. I think it is celestial liquor. Fill full again. (*Replenishes cups. Liquor begins to take effect as they continue drinking.*)

ANGELO. Gives us a song, Mac.

MACBETH (*sings*).

(*Tune: "Annie Laurie."*)

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
As bonnie as can be;
And 'twas there where Annie Laurie
Gie me the barley bree;
Gie me the barley bree,
As grand as it could be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I drank that barley bree!

(*All applaud as glasses are refilled.*)

OTHELLO. 'Fore heaven, a most excellent song!

PETRUCHIO. It's your turn now, Duke.

THE DUKE (*sings*).

(*Tune: "There is a Tavern in the Town."*)

There's a club-house in the town, in the town,
And there our dear wives sit them down, sit them down,
And drink their wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never think of we!

CHORUS.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee;
 Do not let the parting grieve thee,
 And remember that the best of friends must part, must part;
 Adieu, adieu, kind friends; adieu, adieu, adieu!
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;
 I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
 And may the world go well with thee!

OTHELLO. Why, that is a more excellent song than the other.

MACBETH. Easy there, Otto. Remember Bobby Burns.

ANGELO. What for?

MACBETH. I dinna comprehend your query, man.

ANGELO. You said Bobby Burns. Why?

MACBETH (*puzzled*). Eh?

PETRUCHIO. Don't you see, Mac? It's a way he has of joking.

OTHELLO. It's dangerous to joke with a Scotchman.

THE DUKE. Doubly so, if you haven't a corkscrew. (*All laugh but MACBETH.*)

MACBETH (*angry*). Ye puir feckless bodies; an ye were on the heath, I'd clout your lugs wi' my claymore.

PETRUCHIO. Suspend, gentlemen, suspend! Don't let us act like women at a love feast. Let harmony and kindness prevail. We'll have another wet.

Cups are charged again and they drink after touching glasses. GRUMIO enters L. and whispers to PETRUCHIO.

OTHELLO. Methinks our gallant host turns pale.

MACBETH. That's more than ye can do, Otto.

OTHELLO (*hotly*). Death and damnation, sir!

MACBETH (*snapping his fingers*). Tilly vally, Otto; sneck up; you're no in Venice the noo.

PETRUCHIO. Peace, gentlemen, peace! Grumio says they are breaking up at the club. They'll make a bee-line here; but there's time for a doch and doris, as Mac calls it. (*Glasses are filled hurriedly.*)

MACBETH. We'll part in the guid auld way. Let's hae the Scotch doxology. Hand in hand and round the table go. Then a recht guid wullie-wacht and awa hame!

(*All take hands and sing loudly, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot."*)

Enter KATHERINE, LADY MACBETH, VIOLA, MARIANA and DESDEMONA, R. The men slink to other side of room.

KATHERINE (*indignant*). Phew! What an atmosphere! Is it thus (*speaking to PETRUCHIO*) you abuse your privileges, sir? Do you dare to make a tavern of my house? Have you people no wit, manners, or modesty, but to squeak out vile songs without remorse of voice?

MACBETH. It was no a vile song, begging your ladyship's pardon. It's a masterpiece of mellifluous melody, the pride of the Scottish race, and the pledge of good fellowship a' the wairld o'er.

LADY MACBETH (*astonished*). Macbeth, how dare you?

MACBETH (*boldly*). Dare! I'd dare the Deil himself on that theme.

LADY MACBETH. Wait till I get you home.

MACBETH (*more boldly*). Pshaw! Shake not your linty locks at me. There's no terror in those eyes with which you glare. Thou canst say that I did it, and that I'm glad of it!

KATHERINE, VIOLA, MARIANA and DESDEMONA. Mercy, the man's mad!

LADY MACBETH. No, not mad, sisters; just a drappie in his een. I know the complaint of old. He'll come to himself tomorrow, and be mild enough, I warrant you.

ANGELO. Dollars to doughnuts he won't.

MARIANA (*in amazement*). Why, Angelo, what have you been drinking?

ANGELO. Nothing but barley-water, pet; it's all we can get in this shanty.

KATHERINE. Cast no aspersions upon my house, sir. It was by my express command that barley-water was served.

THE DUKE (*scornfully*). And it served us right for coming.

VIOLA (*in protesting tone*). Orsino, don't be rude. I've never seen you like this before.

THE DUKE (*boldly*). You will again, I hope. Let's have

that strain once more, boys. It came o'er my ears like the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor—

VIOLA (*amazed*). Why, I do believe his grace is intoxicated.

OTHELLO (*with a sneer*). What! On barley-water?

DESDEMONA (*gently*). Don't you chip in, Othello. They draw the color line in these parts.

OTHELLO (*angry*). Toads and monkeys! Would I had used a clothes line instead of a pillow.

DESDEMONA (*irritated*). Comfort forswear me! I hate you when you gnaw your nether lip like that.

KATHERINE. Stand you there like a sheep, Petruchio, in the face of this outrageous contention. I took you for a man, once.

PETRUCHIO. Well, 'twas you that made me a mutton.

KATHERINE. I?

PETRUCHIO (*angry*). Ay, thou! Why did I not heed the warning of thy kinsfolk? They told me thou wert a curst shrew. Madman that I was, I rushed wildly to my fate.

KATHERINE (*puts hand to bosom*). Oh, my bleeding heart! Give me the nursing bottle and I will go to my babe. (PETRUCHIO *hands it to her*. KATHERINE *smells it and screams*:) You murderous wretch! This is whiskey. Oh, my baby, my baby! Grumio, take me to my poor child.

GRUMIO. Calm yourself, my lady; that is soothing syrup. I bought it myself, but the child has not yet tasted it.

KATHERINE. Bless thee for that assurance. But how came they all drunk?

THE MEN. It's a lie!

PETRUCHIO. We are not drunk; we are simply indignant.

KATHERINE. Indignant?

THE MEN. Ay, indignant.

PETRUCHIO. We rebelled at thy imposed cheer, as we now rebel against all forms of feminine tyranny. Grown men cannot thrive on barley-water, whether the state be dry or not. (KATHERINE *goes to the bowl, dips in ladle and tastes the liquid*.)

KATHERINE (*startled*). What kind of hell broth is this?

PETRUCHIO. A little of everything drinkable—ginger ale, grape juice, turpentine, furniture polish and laundry bluing, garnished with red pepper pods.

LADY MACBETH. No wonder the men are mad.

PETRUCHIO (*stoutly*). Right-o! We are mad! We have come to the parting of the ways. You can have your suffrage, your votes, your clubs, your political freedom. But we have thrown away the bibs and tuckers. We wear the aprons and flourish the dusters no longer. Henceforth we are free.

THE MEN. Hurrah!

KATHERINE. This is rank rebellion, sisters, and must be suppressed with prompt and rigorous measures. Let us go into executive session.

(*Male and female characters form two groups at either side of the room. GRUMIO takes a seat in front of punch bowl. Turns first to one group and then the other; drinks at each demonstration and wags his head. Great excitement in the female group. The men gesticulate and cast furtive glances at their wives. KATHERINE steps forward.*)

KATHERINE. I will be frank with you, gentlemen, and say that the attitude you have assumed tonight both shocked and surprised us. We may have been a little stern with you of late, but modern civilization calls for the assertion of our rights. If persistence in our just demands leads to insurrection on your part, we acknowledge that the peace and joy of the world will not be advanced. My sisters think a compromise is in order. I pause for your response. (*The men urge PETRUCHIO forward to answer.*)

PETRUCHIO. What have you to propose?

KATHERINE. Let us keep the ballot and maintain our interest in public affairs. 'Tis for your own good that we seek this power. (*The men consult again.*)

PETRUCHIO. The proposition is too indefinite. Do you demand that we give up all our rights and privileges? (*The women confer.*)

KATHERINE. We propose that whatever rights you are

justly entitled to you may enjoy without let or hindrance.
(*The men consult.*)

PETRUCHIO. Will you bar prohibition, abolish nurse girl duties, sanction cards and billiards, bowls and baseball, and place no restrictions on our club duties? (*The women again consult.*)

KATHERINE. We cannot agree to your program.

PETRUCHIO. Then we shall appeal to the divorce court for a dissolution of matrimonial ties and the restoration of our ancient rights and privileges. (*Consternation among the women.*)

MARIANA. Isn't that awful, Katie? I had a hard time getting Angelo.

KATHERINE. To agree to that would be a base surrender of honors already won.

DESDEMONA. Yes, but beggarly divorcement! I think we must give in. I don't think I could live without my Othello.

VIOLA. I don't want to play Patience on the monument again. It's a cold and thankless part.

MARIANA. And we'd all be grass widows!

VIOLA, DESDEMONA and LADY MACBETH. Heaven preserve us!

KATHERINE. Let me temporize with them. We may yet—(*As KATHERINE steps forward to address the men, the other women drag her back.*)

PETRUCHIO. We await your answer, fair dames.

THE WOMEN. We agree!

PETRUCHIO. With full and free conscience? Without mental reservation?

THE WOMEN (*sobbing*). Yes.

THE MEN. Hurrah!

THE DUKE. 'Tis love that makes the world go round.

KATHERINE. And you will treat us with the tender consideration of yore?

THE MEN. We swear!

KATHERINE. But we don't want you to swear.

PETRUCHIO. We must. The deal will be off if we can't.

THE WOMEN. Then swear.

THE MEN. Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

KATHERINE. You have won, gentlemen. See that you make good use of the conquest. Remember the whirligig of time continues to spin and that in the final trial justice plays no favorites. And now good night all. (*The men embrace their wives and, with the exception of KATHERINE and PETRUCHIO, go off the stage in couples. GRUMIO attends each couple in stately fashion, retiring himself at last with a wave of his hand toward his master. PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE step to the front. She hands him the nursing bottle.*) Here, my big baby, is your soothing syrup.

PETRUCHIO. And this is yours, sweetheart and wife! (Kisses her.)

CURTAIN.

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SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, how-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdy decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garbage of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancee. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

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SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardeniere. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

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